

**Caledons complaine against
infamous Libells, &c.**

VV Hat raging fury, Guest of horrid night,
Comes arm'd with flames and shaftes
against the Light,

Loos'd, from the chains of darknesse, to disturbe
The sons of unitie, borne vice to curbe

By Law, not force, wee move, nor tumult make,
Wee Justice plead, Sedition doe forsake,

None with rebellion our attempts will brand
But who themselves to crush Religion band

By act, or by intent. Faire Vertue shines,
Reflecting every where from our designs;

That whither forc'd, to arme, or to entreat,
Our mildnesse, our Submission to be great

None can denie. For, so with Truth, sweete peace,
(Which in our chiefe desires, hath chiefeest place)

Joyn'd hands; and did from Heaven salute this Land,
Who could the excessse of his joy command

Who would not fall before his sacred Feere,
Whom royall Vertues make a Prince compleere,

And Armes lay downe, or at his will employ,
Lift Him to honour, and his foes destroy;

Who equall with his life his peoples good,
Would value, were they rightly understood,

But, by Religions overthrow, to gaine
Dishonourable ease, with Conscience staine,

That truth be underminde by Policie,
For Peace shoud wee dispence; Who can deny

This curst peace, this ignominious ease,
Were high rebellion, would the Lord displease

Most sacred SOVERAIGNE honour of this Age,
 Thy Justice wee appeale, brought on the Stage
 By close *Camelions*; (foes who friendes appeare)
 Abusing our indulgence and thine Eare,
 Deserving on the parchment of their backe,
 The hang-mans whips, should in characters blacke,
 Draw out each passage of those wicked arts,
 They us'd, to wound thy grievous Subjects hearts,
 And kindle in thy royall Breast a fire
 Which never can bee quench'd, till thy just ire
 Their bloud doe exiate, till vengeance fall
 And from the heavens confound those fire-brands all.

Lo! braine-sicke *Cheridus* dare brave our State,
 As at his fancie thy displeasures spaite
 Were readie to breake forth. Dare hee repine
 That Light, throughout this glorious Yle doth shine,
 For which, too narrow *Enrop* shall bee found,
 Before the worke bee with the issue crown'd.

Base lies now vents hee, now with malice stings
 Those honour'd Heralds of the King of Kings;
 Chaifes, that from amongst our honey-bees wee drive,
 Those *Wasps*, whose venome had infect'd the hyve.
 That wee, those limbs of *Antichrist* abjure,
 Unmitting monsters that did court the *Whorre*
 Of *Rome*, this Land adventuring to defile,
 And make through their abominations vile.

Now, to our charge disloyaltie is laide,
 That (*Parricides*) wee dare the Throne invade,
 Rob *Cesar* of his due, disclaime our head,
 And limits of all headgiance doe exceed.

O hight of hate! O hellish impudence!
 To thinke, that men of honour could dispence
 With conscience, with their duetie to a King,
 So good, so just, so wisely governing.
 Whose *Love*, as of a Fathers, found we have,
 As of a Master wee his favour crave,

His *side* as of a Lord ; since Fathers love,
 And Sons obedience, hand in hand doe move
 To homage, and protection, mutually
 Since true relation Prince and people tye.

THy countreys heart doth bleed, her grieves art great
 Both fraud and force conspire against her State.
 Her native liberties encroach'd on are,
 Which, gain'd with honour, honourably were
 From time to time maintain'd, against the pride,
 And power, of all that durst against her side.
 Her violated Lawes, ; the civill Right
 Of Subjects shaken ; Justice, mar'd by might,
 Religion vex'd and wrong'd ; (that sacred Band
 Of Amitie, and Union of the Land,
 The solide Pillar which the State sustaines,
 By which cemented, firme each piece remaines ;)
 Christs cause, yea Crowne in question ; by the bands
 Of duetie, by the pow'r put in thy hands
 (The regall Scepter, Diadem, and Sword,
 In *Faith's defence*, entrusted by thy LORD)
 Conjure Thee, while the lowring Skies portend
 A Tempest, to the danger to attend,
 And wisely to His interest advert,
 Who count will crave how acted is thy part.

Those, whom eclipses, more than Sun-light please
 (The birds of prey, which gape for gaine) Those flies
 Which feed upon infection and stinke,
 Our *Camels* ; which but troubled streames can drinke,
 Divisions Cataracts would open keep,
 And kindle quarrels which lye buried deep,
 That Brethren, Pillars of the royall Throne,
 By GOD and Nature, under Thee, made one,
 One bundell of united shafts ; a Band
 Not easie to bee brash'd by strangers hand,
 May (thus) be weakened, and receive a wound,

Endan-

(6)
Endangering both, which shall not soone be found.
But ah! to thinke, that Thou whose aide wee call,
The peoples Parent; Watch-man on our wall;
The *Geometrick* point, with *heaven* *Aspects*;
Bound all thy bounding Borders to respect;
The Head, the Heart of the Republicke, made
A God, a Judge, set over good and bade;
That Thou thy royall Banners shouldst display,
By Justice Sword, to make thy passion way,
Against a Nation, from defection free,
Who heavens dare face, for their integritie;
O depth of woe! O height of passing griefe
That Thine, who supplicate by Thee reliefe,
Must arme: and at uncertaine bloods expense,
Bee forc'd, unto an innocent defence.

Dread Soveraigne, Son of *Mars*, if arme thou wilt,
No drop of blood let bee in *Britaine* spilt.
March; and all *Europe* shall be put in fray;
The *Alpes*, the *Perrinees*, shall make Thee way.
Thy neighbouring state, with *Olives* shall attend,
Thy right decision while thou dost suspend.
The *Rhine*; whose streams are swolne with tears, shall
And fears of longer servitude exile.
Romes wals shall tremble, proud *Madrid* shall quail,
When with joynt forces thou the fields shalt take,
With warriors, more then men; thy *Britaines* bold
Attended; who for feare nor force will fold.
Thy sea-wall'd world, huge colonies shall spare
For peopling kingdomes which usurped are,
By Tyrants bold and blinde, the foes of Truth.
Yea, Thou shalt lead, with *Albions* choicest youth,
(The worthies and the wits of either land)
Our *Archimids*, who with industrious hand
Reach Natures depths, reaching *Dedals* arms.
Thy *Scots*, with *Gyons* hands and *Lions* hearts
Shall gallantly go on, whowhiles they live

Shall

